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ROLAND LEIGH IN THE HOSPITAL.

## ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE HOSPITAL.

THE injuries I had received were very severe. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; I remember only that, when consciousness returned, it was

night, and I found myself on a comfortable bed, but so encumbered with straps and bandages as to be scarcely able to move. I managed, however, to raise my head, and perceived, by the light of a

few dim lamps, that I was not alone. I was in a large, long room, with beds, like that on which I was lying, ranged at regular intervals along the side. These were nearly all occupied, and one or two attendants were moving to and fro with noiseless steps. Occasionally a groan, as from one in pain, or a deep-drawn sigh, broke the stillness of night; and then I knew that I was in the ward of a hospital.

My slight movement was not unnoticed. One of the nurses came to my side, and, in response to my prayer for drink, lifted my head and administered a cool and refreshing draught. I drank deeply, and then, falling back on my bolster, relapsed into the unconsciousness of deep slumber, in which, however, I was visited by frightful dreams.

When I woke again it was daylight, and for the first time I recalled, though indistinctly, the particulars of my accident; and then a trouble came into my mind. My clothes had of course been removed, and with them I missed Fanny's gift. Anxiously asking for it, the little purse was put into my hand. After that time I had no further care.

I shall not dwell at any length on the disinterested attentions I received, and the surgical skill with which I was treated. Let me say only that the poor homeless outcast experienced kindnesses, the recollection of which the events of a long after-life have not effaced. I know not how long I received this care, for time at first stole away unheeded by me. Some weeks, however, must have elapsed between the day of my accident and that on which I was assisted to leave my couch. From that time my recovery was more rapid.

One day, soon after my release from bed, I was sitting by an open window in the ward, looking out on the square below, when another partially-recovered patient seated himself by my side. He was an aged man, and still very feeble; but his voice sounded pleasantly as he spoke, though at first I little heeded it.

"You have had no one to see you since you have been laid up," he said. I should explain, that at certain hours visitors were admitted into the hospital; and there were none others in our ward, except the old man and myself, who had not occasionally seen parents, or sisters, or wives, or children, or friends. "How is it you have had no friend to come and see how you are getting on?" he wished to know.

"I reckon there's nobody cares much about me," said I, still looking out at the window, and paying more attention to the active movements of a number of dirty brisk London sparrows, hopping about the open space below, than to the words of my fellow-patient.

"You have a father or mother, my lad, haven't you?" he continued.

"No, I have not, nor a brother or sister either, nor uncle or aunt or cousin," I replied, ungraciously.

"So young and yet so friendless!" said the old man, with a sigh and a look of commiseration. "Have you never heard of One who is the Friend and Father of the fatherless?"

No, not that I remembered, I said. I did not suppose that I had.

"You can read?" asked he.

"A precious little, master," said I. "What's the odds?" I added.

"Will you let me read to you?" the old man asked.

He might if he liked, I replied; and he took from his pocket a small well-worn book, which I afterwards knew to be the New Testament, and opened it.

There was something in the poor old patient's tone and manner which, in spite of my chilling apathy, insensibly and gradually attracted me. I left off watching the sparrows, and fixed my eyes upon him. Perhaps my previous source of amusement suggested it to him; but however this might be, he read to me portions of one of the gracious Saviour's addresses to his disciples:—

"I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, fear him.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. \* \* \*

"Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"If, then, God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

"And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"That's like what Fanny used to talk about," said I, musingly, when the old man came to a pause.

"And who is Fanny?" he asked, looking up from the book.

"Oh! it doesn't signify," said I. "You don't know anything about her, I reckon."

"I dare say not," replied the old man mildly; "and it does not signify, as you say. I beg your pardon for seeming curious. And so you have heard this before, have you?"

"Something like it; yes."

"Then you do know that there is a Friend in heaven who cares for us?" rejoined the old patient.

"No, I don't," said I, promptly; and, moving off, I left him to himself and his book. He looked after me, however, as I thought, with a kindly, pitying air, and then he went on reading silently.

But his words and the words of the book had moved me more than I cared to acknowledge; and, on the following day, I purposely put myself in the old man's way, when our conversation was resumed.

I shall not detail the course of our temporary acquaintance. I may say, however, that after the intercourse of a day or two, I gave the old man

the outlines of my past history, and he told me the longer story of his life. It was, as I remember, in some respects a sorrowful one; and he had nothing to look forward to in life but poverty, for he had no earthly friends; but then, as he said, he had a Friend above, who had promised never to forsake him in this life; and he had a good hope of a better life in another world, and that was enough.

The old man showed me, too, that God had not been unmindful of me, though I had known and thought so little about him. It was God, he said, who had put it into poor Peggy Magrath's heart to be kind to me when my mother died; and who, since then, had helped me to earn my living honestly. Did I not think so?

I did not know about that, I answered; and how was it about being thrown from the horse, and having my bones broken? Why didn't He, if he was so much a friend—

The old patient gently stopped me short. I did not know yet, he replied, what my accident might lead to. I could not tell that I should not some day see that it was the most blessed thing that could have happened to me. And as to the question I had begun to ask, he would ask another or two: for instance, How was it that I got let off with broken bones only, when I might have been killed outright? and how was it that I had had so much kindness shown to me in the hospital? Was not all that God's doing?

The ward of a busy crowded hospital is not the most convenient place for long seasons of communion; but our conversations were never long; and the old man took care not to weary me with religion. But every day he had a few words to say to me; and I heard from his lips the story of redemption by the Son of God; the life of the Saviour on earth, as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; his compassion for the ruined and lost; his death on the cross; his glorious resurrection and ascension; his eternal salvation freely offered to the guilty and hell-deserving; and the promised assistance of God's Holy Spirit to all who believe in Jesus.

All this was pleasant to me, for it revived in my mind the not quite obliterated impressions of little Fanny's teaching.

But these opportunities for gaining instruction were not of long continuance. More rapidly than my old friend and fellow patient, I regained strength; and on a certain summer's day I received my dismissal from the hospital, cured. There was little time for leave-taking.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TYPHUS FEVER AT WHISKERS' RENTS.

It was a pleasant change to me—to leave behind me the walls of old Bartholomew's Hospital, benevolent as they were, and to find myself once more free and strong. If you, reader, have known what it is to endure weeks of wearisome confinement on a bed of pain, or in a sick chamber, however replete with comforts; and have, after that, experienced the blessing of health recovered and strength restored; and if you can recall the feelings of ecstasy with which you first re-trod the earth beneath the open sky; you can understand

what my feelings were as I lightly stepped across Smithfield, and, without waiting to sentimentalize over the spot on which I had been within an inch of losing my life, hastened toward my old quarters in the Mews.

I stopped short, however, before I was half way there; for I suddenly remembered that my old nurse's term of punishment had expired, and I longed to see her again. I felt convinced that she would have returned to Whiskers' Rents, if only in search of me; and I instantly changed my course. I could as well return to-morrow as to-day to my old employments, I thought, especially as a small sum of money had been given me on leaving the hospital, in compassion for my apparently destitute condition; and my little board in the stable would be safe for me at any time—I felt sure of that.

An hour or so of brisk walking took me to Whiskers' Rents, and then I slackened my pace and looked around.

"Ah! it has a queer look about it, hasn't it, youngster?" said a pallid, dirty fellow in ragged attire, whom I did not know at first, but afterwards recognised as an old inhabitant. He was leaning against a post, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, while a short black pipe was stuck in his mouth. He had spoken to me as to a stranger; but when I turned towards him he remembered me.

"Hallo, Roley Poley, is it you? Why, how you are grown; but, I say, it has a queer look, hasn't it?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean! where's your eyes, boy? Don't you see as half the houses is shet up? A pretty time we've had of it lately, I tell you," added he, with a sardonic leer.

"Why, what has been the matter?" I wished to know.

"Look at me," said the man, "and that'll tell you. I've had it, and my old 'ooman had it; and she is gone off with it, *she is*—" I repeat the man's words, only omitting the oaths and imprecations which, during the whole conversation, polluted his language; and I do not remember that the slightest indication of regret was visible on his countenance as he spoke of his wife's death—"and my young uns took it, *they* did, and some got better, and some didn't; and little Kate—you knowed little Kate, Roley?"

Kate Sutton! merry little Kate! an old playmate of mine, though a year or two younger than I! Yes, I remembered little Kate, I said.

"Kate's took it too," said the man, in a slightly changed and husky voice, for there was a lingering spark of human affection even in his hardened heart; "and she's got it bad now, right on her, and the doctor says she can't get over the day."

"Poor little Kate!" I said, without well knowing what I said.

"If you are sorry, so am I," said the man; "but I ain't a-going to cry about it," he added, as it seemed, in desperation; "and it's all the same through the Rents. There's a house"—and he pointed to one nearly opposite the spot on which we were standing—"there was three took out of it last week, and five the week afore, and two the week afore that, and all the rest has got

it. And there's another," he went on, pointing to a house closely shut up—and by this time I had noticed that several of the houses in the neighbourhood were thus closed—"there's another; all was took out in a lump. I say," he continued, with a savage leer and grin, which, if it did not denote mental imbecility, which I trust it did, gave sad evidence of hardened indifference—"a prime time this is for the sexton and the grave-digger, eh?"

"Are you talking about death?" I asked, with a start of terror; for I had listened almost mechanically, without well knowing what the man was saying, or what meaning there was in his words.

"What else should I be talking about?" he wanted to know. "'Tis all we have had to talk about at Whiskers' of late," he added; and then relapsing into a short silence, he puffed away at his short pipe furiously.

Meanwhile, I took a rapid inventory of the scene before my eyes. My two years of absence from the spot had not increased the charms of Whiskers' Rents. The locality seemed far more filthy and degraded in its outward aspect than when I last visited it; in addition to which there was about it a sort of unaccustomed stagnation, dreary to witness. A few children of various ages were listlessly playing on the streets and pavements, or curiously poking and prying among the heaps of vegetable filth which lay rotting and fermenting at every dozen steps; a few women were standing at open doors, in every variety of attire, or rather of disattire; others were flitting to and fro; here and there a man was visible, lounging like my acquaintance, with the same air of lazy dissoluteness and reckless indifference to the horrors around; but no sounds of hilarity were heard; and almost every countenance I looked upon seemed gaunt with famine or sickness, or both. A heavy, stagnant, sickening atmosphere hung over the place, and communicated its baleful influence to every spectre-like inhabitant I saw. Many of the wretched dwellings, as I have said, were closed; and all signs of active life seemed banished from the rest, with one exception only: a pretty constant stream of the ill-fated population flowed into and from that one gaudy shop at the entrance to the Rents—it was a gin-shop.

All this and more I had time to observe before the man Sutton spoke to me again; and then, in a listless, sleepy sort of way, he asked me what I thought of it.

Falteringly I answered this question by asking another: "What is come to the place?"

He burst into a horrible laugh. "What's come to it?" says he; "why, fever's come to it—a nice, pleasant, comfortable, warm sort of fever—typhus, that's all, youngster. You'd like to catch it, wouldn't you? There comes another coffin," he continued, renewing his awful merriment. "That's for old King Cole himself, that is—old Whiskers. He's got his rent to pay at last, he has;" and then the hardened fellow broke out into a volley of abuse, a chuckle, and a song in almost the same breath. At this moment a screeching voice was heard from one of the windows of one of the most miserable habitations, calling my companion by name.

"What's to pay now?" he demanded fiercely in reply.

"She's gone!" said the woman, in a tone intended, at any rate, to be a sorrowful one—perhaps it really was. "Poor little Kate—dear angel!"

The man gave a sudden start, and his countenance for a moment worked spasmodically; but he soon returned to his natural or acquired obduracy, and turned off in the direction of a public-house.

It has ever since seemed strange to me that I had then no apprehension of taking the fatal disease which had evidently turned Whiskers' Rents into a desolation; and I can account for my insensibility in no other way than that my thoughts were preoccupied with anxiety for poor Peggy Magrath. Intent on finding her, I pursued my way up the court, and, pushing open the half-closed door, entered.

There was a bustle in the little room—the former den of our old landlord—and I looked in: the undertaker's men were at their doleful work. One glance was enough. I sprang up the filthy stairs, and entered room after room of that hideous lodging-house in my unsuccessful search. They were mostly empty at that time; probably the dread of the fever had driven away such of the lodgers as had the means of removing to other quarters, and had kept back new ones from filling up their places. In one room, however, into which I stumbled, a fearful scene presented itself. On a heap of foul straw, in one corner, lay a woman and two children, wrapped, as it seemed, in sleep, yet with eyes half open, and covered with a glassy film. It needed not a second glance to tell me that theirs was a sleep from which would be no timely awaking—they were dead; but not dead was the puny infant, nestling itself weakly on the cold, uncovered bosom of its mother, and seeking to gain attention to its wants by its feeble cries and moans.

I turned and fled. A woman met me on the stairs; she would have suffered me to pass unquestioned and unnoticed, but I stopped her, and told her what I had seen.

"It is a lie!" said she fiercely, in reply to my hurried explanation. "Dead!" she repeated, with a mocking laugh. "We don't die at all in Whiskers' Rents now-a-days, young man—we are only being killed off, that's all."

"Killed off!"

"Ah, killed off; that's plain English, isn't it? Say murdered, if you like it better—murdered with fever.\* And you must be in an uncommon

\* "The people never die here, they are murdered by the fever," was the exclamation of one inhabitant in — Street. I could not deny the assertion; the state of the back yards and of the street was enough to breed, and nourish, and mature a pestilence. Truly, indeed, are such convictions at the bottom of much discontent; truly do they endanger the fabric of society; and the danger is the greater, as the convictions are founded on truth and bitter experience. It is impossible but that habits of cleanliness, decency, and self-respect, must be sacrificed by the condition of things which at present exist. It is melancholy, but almost to be expected, that discontent and disputes should arise, and that working men, finding their homes made wretched and uncomfortable and surrounded with nuisances, should leave them for the public-house, there to learn, and soon to indulge in, habits of intemperance, which indulgence soon leads to vicious propensities that, in their turn, give rise to a large class of crimes. It is perfectly true that, on analysis, numbers of crimes are



hurry to be murdered too," she continued, looking curiously and suspiciously at me as she spoke, "to be coming here prying about—for no good, I'll warrant, by the looks of you."

My looks were certainly not in my favour; for my garments were ragged enough, though perhaps equal to any Whiskers' Rents could ordinarily have produced. But I answered meekly, I believe, first that I was in no hurry to leave the world by any process; and next, that I was in that particular part of it for no harm—that I was, in fact, in search of one whom I supposed might be a lodger at Whiskers'.

"And who may that one be?" demanded the woman, in a more civil tone, and looking at me in the dim, uncertain light which struggled on to the old staircase through a partially blocked-up window.

"Mrs. Magrath," said I.

"And you are Roland Leigh, then," returned the woman. "I know you now, though I didn't at first; and you ought to remember me; but that doesn't matter; only I would recommend you to be out of this as soon as you can."

I couldn't go till I had found my old nurse, if she were at Whiskers, I said.

"She is not here, and I wish I was not," said the woman. "But stop; now I think of it, I caught a sight of her more than a month ago, along with old Whiskers; but I haven't seen her since; and what is become of her I cannot tell. Perhaps old Whiskers might tell you if he was alive; but he isn't."

I could learn nothing beyond this; and so, after an hour or more spent in fruitless inquiries, I turned my back on Whiskers' Rents.

### OUR FAMILY CATS.

THE origin of our domestic cat has puzzled the learned, the stock from whence it sprang being still a problem for the zoologist to solve. The varieties are almost endless: among them are the silken-haired Angora, the Persian, the blueish gray, originally a native of Russia, the tortoiseshell, a Spanish race, not to omit the tabby, which is considered to approach most nearly to the original type.

Had I the pen of Southey, I might do justice to the subject of our Family Cats; for we have been much addicted to these animals, and in the predilection have found great entertainment. Of Angoras—but stay; the first I can remember was

not a foreigner, but a demure tabby, large, gaunt, venerable, and of apocryphal age. None of us children could recollect his commencement, and from "the maids" we could only learn that "Bop"—for that was his euphonious name—was "before their time; they had found him here when they came." He claimed and enjoyed the privileges of age; and that his plea was no sham, his visage well betokened. We have heard of and seen "wooden-faced" people, with muscles rigid and immobile; and Bop had a wooden aspect; his aged jaws opened slowly and stiffly, and his lack-lustre eyes, whose lids had shrunk up and looked too tight to shut, resembled round pattens, rather than globes, flattened and beclouded by the wear and tear of years. They were always wide open, with the fixed unseeing look of age, and their once lustrous emerald was exchanged for a nondescript hue of pale watery gray.

Beside our father's chair the venerable beast presented himself, at each prandial meal, and, sitting on his stiff haunches, gazed up expectantly; nor was he disappointed, for, sure as he slowly opened his toothless jaws, there was dropped into them a choice morsel. Probably the sense of smell had forsaken the old mouser, for certainly he made no attempt at nosing what was presented. It might be that the confidence of experience had satisfied his scruples; but, be that as it may, what was given him he swallowed, and swallowed whole, for the sufficient reason that he had not a grinder left.

"'Tis a pity, I think," said a benevolent lady, our next door neighbour, "that you do not put your poor old cat out of his misery; he looks so terribly stiff and helpless."

Appearances are deceitful, and they were so in the case of Bop. Old he was, and stiff; but, helpless! Lady S. changed her mind, when she chanced one day to see him under the influence of excitement.

A stranger tabby was seen stealthily advancing along the tiles that lay contiguous to Bop's domains. Scarcely had the intruder shown his whiskers over the dividing wall, than the old gaunt giant, who had been lying basking in the sunshine, raised his ragged ears, and turned his visage toward the threatened point. Slowly he rose, and stood prepared for the issue. Still the enemy cautiously advanced, with undulating tail, denoting mischievous intent. Bop's caudal appendage was too rigid to move in responsive circles, but it stood out, straight and stiff as a poker, pointing in the direct line of the foe, whose next move was greeted by a strangely ominous sound, half growl, half hiss—a fierce and threatening noise, which presently grew into a perfect tempest of nondescript sounds. In another instant, there was a leap, and a yell, and a tussle, and, "before you could say, 'Jack Robinson,' the enemy had disappeared," said her ladyship, describing the scene. "I really could never have given Bop credit for such prowess." How the old cat did it was the puzzle; he couldn't bite—that was certain; but his claws must have been "tremendous," to use Mr. Pen-nant's word, and he seemed to have the art of thrusting them into the tenderest part with unerring skill.

So we heard no more about mercifully shorten-

clearly traceable to the low state of physical comforts of the poor, to the filth which surrounds their dwellings, and to the absence of facilities for its removal: these agencies depress the energies, and lead to intemperance through the desire to impart false strength to a debilitated physical and nervous system; to a disregard of all moral and social ties; to disease and premature decay. From my personal investigations into the state of the dwellings of the poor, I am more and more convinced that the sum of wretchedness, of misery, of destitution, of slow corroding care, of wasting disease and early death, which they endure through a want of cleanliness—a neglect cruelly attributed to themselves, but which might be thrown back as a bitter taunt to those who really cause it, namely, the middle and upper classes—forms a most serious charge, for which these last are answerable to Him who placed them in their various positions in society. As a people, we deserve to be visited with pestilence if we longer neglect the great social duties we owe to the poorer classes congregated in our towns.—*The late Hector Gavin, M.D., in "Sanitary Ramblings."*

ing poor Bop's span of life. He lived on and on, till we had ceased to expect his demise; but at length, one day, he was missing from his accustomed post at the dinner hour, and, on being sought for, was found dead. I remember there was, at that time, a smart lad, an articulated clerk in my father's office, who begged poor Bop's cranium, and "set up" the skeleton as a curiosity. It was, he said, so like a colossal toad!

Contrasts are pleasing; and it is impossible to conceive anything more antipodal than Bop and his successor. It was a beautiful Angora kitten, conveyed as a present, by a young lady friend of my sister's, from Paris. The *début* of this new favourite was highly successful. She was brought by the fair damsel, who presented her in a small hand-basket, the lid of which being raised, there emerged an exquisite little fairy-like creature, with a soft silken coat, of a delicate mouse-colour, while her whole aspect and demeanour were high-bred. We were gathered, a family group, around my father's desk in his office, to see the new arrival. The pretty thing being placed on the office table, instantly advanced, with cautious tread, among the deeds and papers; and selecting one packet, which was raised higher than the rest, and lay immediately in front of my father's seat, placed herself on it, as upon a pedestal, and composing herself into a graceful attitude, hummed a soft pæan of content. "What a darling!" said my sister; "an exquisite little creature," responded our father; Mamma, who is no great cat-fancier, looked kindly on the "pretty little Frenchy;" and, as for me, I praised it for the sake of the donor.

My father immediately named her "Tilley-tudelem;" and she went ever after by the name of Tilley. I must not omit to say that, on her forehead she had a white triangular mark like the royal broad arrow. A young "middy" of our acquaintance, chancing one day to notice this spot, exclaimed, "I declare she's the Queen's Own!" Of course we did not like her the less for bearing so loyal a stamp.

That cats have characters, no one will deny who knows anything about them; and Tilley possessed a strange and unique temper, wholly unlike that of any other of her race I have known. She was a most un-English cat; essentially foreign in her ways; very unamiable, and yet attractive and taking. Her curiosity was unbounded, and led her into the strangest and most incredible scrapes. The heights she scaled, the depths she fathomed, and the hair-breadth escapes she had, would fill you with dread, or convulse you with laughter. But, it boots not to tell them; and indeed the thing were impossible. Poor, beautiful Tilley! she came to an untimely end. She was afflicted with the most extraordinary fits, during the attacks of which she danced round in circles, like a flying squirrel, and darted up and down the walls of the room in most frantic style for several minutes, until, apparently exhausted and dying, she lay panting and helpless, stretched out and rigid. One morning she was discovered, lying thus extended; and, on examination, it proved she was dead. My sister's grief for her loss I shall not attempt to describe; she had her favourite entombed in a beautiful box, beneath a young

copper beech-tree, in our garden; she drew her likeness, and has preserved, I rather think, to the present day, some of her soft silk-like hair.

Some time elapsed before we could take to another pet; but, when the autumn set in, and the mice invaded our store-room drawers, a blue cypress, of delicate form and gentle appearance, was installed, and quietly made herself at home. She was docile and humdrum, nor can I remember aught of interest in her history, save that she proved a most kind foster-mother to a charming white Persian kitten, which was shortly after presented to my sister, in return for a drawing with which she had been fortunate enough to please a kind medical friend of ours. This little animal was, certainly, the most delicate and beautiful of her kind I ever beheld. Her coat was of snowy whiteness, and her soft blue eyes did not resemble those of a common cat, nor did she mew like them, but made a pretty little co-coing noise, more like the sounds uttered by the little squirrel-like lemur, or mocooco, of Madagascar, which she also resembled in her gentle disposition and the spring-like agility of her movements. The amiable cypress attached herself lovingly to this little creature, and the two were soon almost inseparable. Not many months elapsed, however, before some miscreant flung a stone at the poor harmless cat, and so much injured her that she pined and died. The effect on her foster-child was very sad; she was inconsolable, moped, and soon expired.

About this period I was much from home, and had only occasional opportunities of acquainting myself with the domestic arcana. I heard of two or three successive aspirants for the vacant post of favourite; but, for the most part, they were decided failures. One I remember to have seen was a most amusing little creature, whose grand delight seemed to be, to keep perpetually climbing about, hanging by his claws to every "coign of vantage." He would begin at the rim of my father's trousers as he sat by the breakfast table, and hauling himself up, after the fashion of an active young sailor, soon clambered to the roll of his coat collar, from whence his little sharp visage was seen peering close to his nose. In default of the trousers, he had recourse to the pendant corner of the table-cloth to serve his purpose, or even to my sister's dress. I recollect, too, a magnificent tortoiseshell or orange and black Angora, sent by a bird-stuffer of our city, who had heard of our predilection for these animals. This creature, however, proved so unmanageable, that he was packed in a hamper and despatched to the farm, in the hope that he would excel as a rat-catcher; but, whether he had some instinctive presentiment of coming evil, or, whatever might be the cause, on the arrival of the hamper at its place of destination, he was *non est inventus*. In what way his escape had been effected was sufficiently evident, from a large hole in the bottom of his prison, the wicker-work of which had been scratched and bitten till there was made an aperture sufficiently large to admit of his egress.

How time flies, to be sure! It seems but yesterday since the arrival of the black Angora, who at present reigns paramount as the family cat of our domicile. I can hardly bring myself to be-

lieve that nearly ten years have elapsed since the morning when my sister was summoned by her indulgent father to his study, with the information that he had something to show her. As she entered the room, she heard the words, "The cat is a bargain, sir, at that sum; 30s. is dirt cheap for so splendid an animal;" and the man drew from under his cloak a full-grown black Angora, whose principal attraction was a fox-like bushy tail, which the animal himself seemed proud to display.

"What do you say to him, Lu?" asked my father; "will you like to have him?"

"I'll hear what the cook says," replied the prudent damsel, and, seizing the cat in her arms, she disappeared into the lower regions, where she managed matters so satisfactorily, that she presently returned, saying the thing was settled, and the cook agreeable. I had the curiosity afterwards to inquire how this had been effected. "I told her," said the artful minx, "that this Angora cat was very expensive, and that I should not think of purchasing it unless she promised to be kind to the animal; and I jokingly added, 'Some folk say, Cook, that it is a good thing to take in a black cat: you are sure to be married within the twelve-month.' The cook was propitiated, and named him Black Charlie on the spot."

I may as well add here, that, curiously enough, the prophecy fell true, as Miss Lu probably had good reason to believe it would, from certain unmistakable signs. Within a few months there was a wedding in the kitchen, at which Black Charlie figured, bedecked with a splendid white satin bow, by way of a bridal favour.

Never did an animal show more instinctive perception than this same Charlie. From the first day of his arrival he seemed to say, "I have found my niche, and it will be my own fault if I don't keep it;" and well has he held his own, coming in for the good things both of kitchen and parlour, and making friends in both. Not an enemy has he ever had, nor does a rival venture near his premises. The only creatures he seems to fear in this line are children, for whom he manifests an absolute aversion. When occasionally two or three youngsters find their way into the kitchen, Charlie disappears as though by magic, and no allurements can induce him to return till the coast is clear.

Some of his ways are truly amusing. He loves the warmest place before the fire, and occasionally ensconces himself in the large reflector, which becomes, after a time, broiling hot. When he has fallen into a snooze, of course he gets semi-roasted, and by and by he is heard raving in his sleep. Presently he rolls over on to his other side, and resumes his slumbers, till, roasted again, he is fairly uproused, and, getting on his legs, hisses and growls out his rage, and retires to cool at once his temper and his hide. Occasionally he gets into disgrace in the kitchen, and then he plays the agreeable upstairs, in the most unusual manner. Instead of following the dishes out of the room, as is his wont, he remains, and lovingly courts the notice of the ladies; who, amused at his airs, humour his fancy. He is, on these occasions, given to affectation, and sits winking his eyes and sentimentally holding his head in a fine

attitude, while he thinks himself observed, presently relapsing into a state of nature if he be disregarded. Some of his habits show power of observation and sagacity. Thus, when he wishes to enter or leave a room, he raises himself on his hind paws, and rattles at the handle of the lock; observation having evidently taught him that the door is opened at that part. His ingenuity, too, in hiding himself, when the hour approaches for his being turned out of doors at night, is a curious specimen of forethought and contrivance. I have known him baffle the researches of the whole household, and remain snugly ensconced in some skilfully chosen corner, hidden by a dark shadow.

Poor Charlie! he was once in a terrible panic; the ladies were sitting, on a cold wintry night, beside the dining-room fire, when a sudden scamper upstairs was heard, and a violent rattling at the handle of the door followed. "It's the cat!" said my sister, hastening to open the door. Rushing in, Charlie flew, at one bound, to the hearth, and leapt into my mother's lap. His huge eyes glared, his tail was swollen to a prodigious size, and his excitement was at its height. What could it be? A smell of burning gave the clue to the mystery; and on inquiry it was found that, in his eagerness to secure the warmest place, he had got so close to the hearth that, when the fire was poked, a live coal had dropped upon his coat, where it had stuck for a moment, being retained by the long soft hair. He probably imagined the thing had been done purposely, and, in his terror and indignation, hastened to inform his friends upstairs. Indeed, to the present day, if he be chastised for a theft or other misdoing, he is pretty sure to come and make his complaint to the higher powers. It is in the above manner, by the way, that many houses have been set on fire.

I cannot conclude my short notice of this cat without giving a proof of the sensibility of animals, including cats, to the peculiar prepossessions of certain persons in their favour. Among our occasional domestics there is a worthy old charwoman, who is a true animal lover, and who does many a kind deed to the forlorn and ill-treated among their number. She is repaid by the warmest attachment on their part. If she be sick and confined to her bed, her faithful cat bears her company; and when she returns after a day's toil to her lowly dwelling, the poor animal greets her with unmistakable marks of joy. Strange enough it is to see how the well-fed, pampered Charlie singles out this old woman, and evinces a special regard for her, hailing the periodical return of the washing morning, which brings her betimes to open the back kitchen door, when he instantly welcomes her, and, at every moment of leisure, when she finds time to sit, nestles in her lap, and will take no denial. It is not, in this instance, for what he can get; the cause lies deeper, and is doubtless to be found in a secret sympathy, one of Nature's mysteries, which cannot be explained, though felt with power.

"What a happy country, to be sure, is ours!" exclaimed my father, the other day, laying down the newspaper he had just been reading. "Thanks to our most humane and righteous laws, not even the humblest domestic animal can here be molested with impunity. I see in the police report that

some cruel miscreant (described as having the appearance of a *gentleman*) was found yesterday, worrying a poor cat imprisoned in an area; he met with condign punishment, having to pay a fine, and getting his name irremediably disgraced."

"I am rejoiced, indeed, to hear it," exclaimed my sister; "how would that prince of philo-felists, Southey, have exulted to see such a brand set upon the cruelty he abhorred! I have just been reading his memorable letter to the students from one of the Universities, who, while 'reading' at Keswick, perpetrated a similar offence; let me give you a passage from it:—

"Keswick, July 12th, 1834.

"Young Gentlemen—It has come to the knowledge of the writer that one of your amusements here is to worry cats, and that you employ boys to steal them for you for that purpose. \* \* \* You cannot, surely, have been so ill taught as not to know that your sport is as blackguard as it is cruel; that cruelty is a crime by the laws of God, and theft by the laws also of man; that in employing boys to steal for you, you are doing the devil's work; that they commit a punishable offence in serving you in this way, and that you commit one in so employing them. You are hereby warned to give up these practices; if you persist in them, this letter will be sent to all the provincial newspapers."

My readers will, I doubt not, by this time perceive the moral of my Chapter on Cats. It is surely desirable that the neglect and ill-usage to which these animals have so long been subjected, by the inconsiderate, should be exchanged for a more humane and sensible treatment. I am persuaded that their docility would, in that case, soon equal their usefulness; and I doubt not, the results would be, in every respect, satisfactory. At the same time that the feelings of the benevolent are respected, the temper and manners of the young must be improved and elevated by every step made toward a universal and impartial exercise of that kindly consideration for the brute creation which is enjoined alike by genuine sensibility and true Christianity.

#### THE ARCHITECTURE OF SATURN.

AN object scarcely discernible in the haze of the remote horizon, commands no admiration and excites no interest, unless we know beforehand what it is. Frequently, however, on a near approach, an indistinct and insignificant speck discloses stately proportions and a grand architectural character. It may be a castle of the olden time, with towers, turrets, and battlements, once inhabited by a baron bold; or a mansion of the Tudor age, with halls, corridors, galleries, oriel windows, tennis-court, and all the appurtenances deemed necessary by power, pride, or opulence. From the moment that this discovery is made, though the edifice is never approached again, and is only seen afar off as a puny thing, we think not of it as it appears in the distant landscape, but associate with it ideas in harmony with its real dimensions and actual details. The speck has for ever ceased to

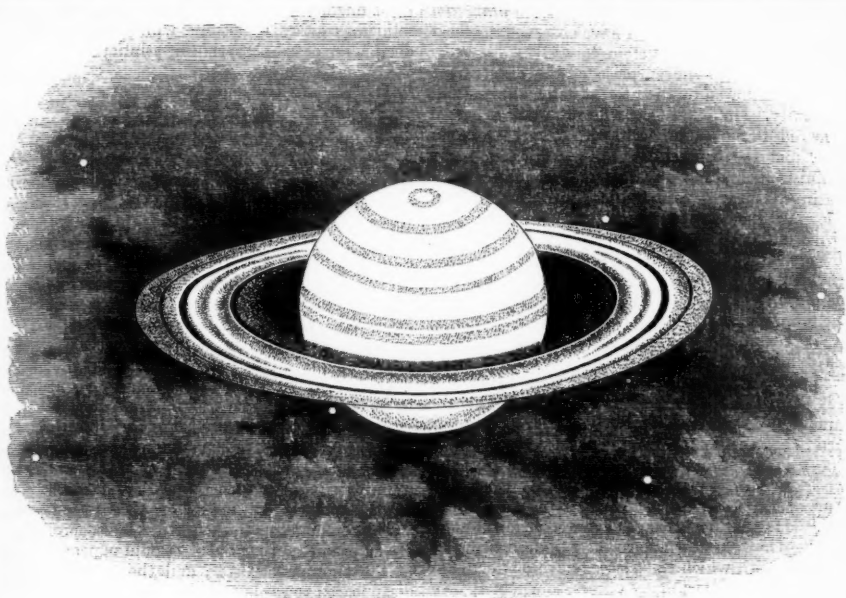
be one in our minds. It is a castle grim, or a mansion noble. Now precisely analogous is the effect which the telescope has produced with reference to the orbs of the universe. Though the interval between us and them remains literally the same, yet it has been practically abridged by the instrument; for its optical power is equivalent to a corresponding lessening of the distance. Accordingly, since it was applied to celestial observation, a magic change has been wrought in human conceptions of the bodies in our system, as though a bridge had been partly thrown over the great gulf of space, which has brought us millions of leagues nearer to their orbits; and we no longer think of them as they appear to the unassisted vision, but as exhibited by instrumental means.

Among the corrections offered to thought by this practical approximation, perhaps the most striking is the change of ideas with reference to the planet Saturn, for ages viewed as having no special claims to notice, and merely regarded as a dull, dreary, malignant star, with a leaden hue and a snail's pace, but now familiarly known as one of the most engaging and extraordinary objects in the heavens. Owing to this slowness of motion, his symbol was adopted as the hieroglyphic of lead. But though of very portly proportions—a kind of Daniel Lambert among the planets, and therefore not readily to be lifted—Saturn is really a light, buoyant personage, as to the material of which he is composed; for the density is little more than that of cork. Instead, therefore, of sinking like lead in the mighty waters, he would float upon the liquid, if tossed into a tumbler sufficiently capacious to receive his girth. John Goad, the well-known astro-meteorologist, declared the planet not to be such a "plumbeous blew-nosed fellow" as all antiquity had believed and the world still supposed. But it was the work of others to prove it.

For six thousand years or so, Saturn successfully concealed his personal features, interesting family, and strange appurtenances—the magnificent out-buildings of his house—from the knowledge of mankind. But he was caught at last by a little tube, pointed at him from a slope of the Apennines, the holder of which, in invading his privacy, neither cared to say, "if you please, sir," nor "by your leave." Again and again, with provoking pertinacity, the tube was held up; for it had disclosed something, not known before, respecting the planet's quarters, which the holder wanted to find out. From that period, through nearly two centuries and a half, they have been diligently overhauled, and remarkable disclosures have turned up in the rummage. It is not, however, certain that we yet know the real number of the Saturnian family, and the full structure of his out-houses.

Armed with a telescope of inferior power, Galileo, in the year 1610, surveyed the planet, and found it apparently of an oblong form, somewhat like the shape of an olive—thus  $\circ$ . This was the first peculiarity noticed; but using an instrument of greater power, in the same year, it appeared to be not single, but composed of three bodies, which almost touched each other and constantly maintained the same relative position. He described the three bodies as arranged in the same straight line; the middle one was the largest, and the two





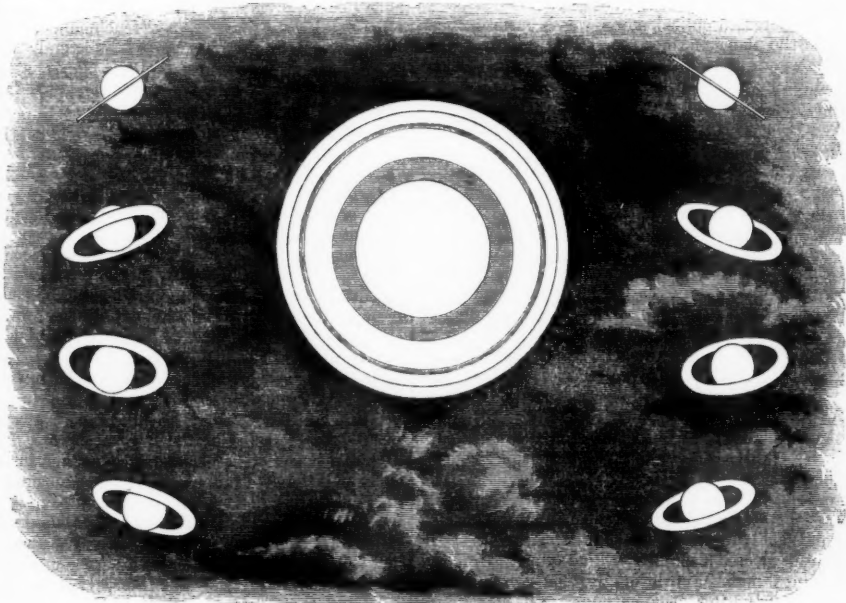
SATURN, WITH ITS BELTS AND SATELLITES.

others were situated respectively on the east and west sides of it. "They are," says he, "constituted of this form oOo;" and he goes on to remark exaltingly, "Now I have discovered a court for Jupiter" (alluding to his satellites), "and two servants for this old man, Saturn, who aid his steps

and never quit his side." The discovery he announced to Kepler, under the veil of a logograph, which sorely puzzled him. This was not to be wondered at, for it ran—

Smasmrmilmepoetalevmibvnenvgttaviras.

Restoring the transposed letters to their proper



THE PHASES OF SATURN.

places, we have the sentence, *Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*—"I have observed the most distant planet to be threefold."

However great the surprise of the observer, it was soon followed by the utmost astonishment and perplexity. He found that while the lateral bodies appeared immovable, both with respect to each other and the central body, they were constantly diminishing in their apparent magnitudes. They continued to grow less and less through the two following years, at the close of which they vanished altogether. The old man, or the planet, now seemed simply round, while the two servants provided for him, as if disliking their master or the place, had fled. The disappearance was perfectly unaccountable; but if it occasioned perplexity, it created not a little alarm; for the observer justly feared that, being unable to explain the circumstance, his enemies would take advantage of it to discredit all his observations, as having no foundation in nature. This was a trial somewhat hard to bear. "What," he remarks, "is to be said concerning so strange a metamorphosis? Are the two lesser stars consumed, after the manner of the solar spots? Have they vanished and suddenly fled? Has Saturn perhaps devoured his own children? Or were the appearances indeed delusion or fraud, with which the glasses have so long deceived me, as well as many others, to whom I have shown them? I do not know what to say in a case so surprising, so unlooked-for, and so novel. The shortness of the time, the unexpected nature of the event, the weakness of my understanding, and the fear of being mistaken, have greatly confounded me." Galileo, however, witnessed the old appearances again, and saw them renew their changes; but he never understood the cause of the vicissitudes, for the secret of their nature was not solved in his time.

As increased optical power was brought to bear upon the planet, former representations of its aspect were greatly modified. Thus the two lateral bodies, instead of being round, seemed to be two luminous crescents. Instead also of being detached from the central body, keeping a respectful distance as servants in the presence of the squire, they appeared to be actual parts of the old gentleman himself, protruding as side limbs from him. The crescents were apparently attached by their cusps to the central body, as if forming two *ansae* or handles to it; but they were so constantly, though slowly, altering their conformation, and giving a different aspect to the planet, that while astronomers were perplexed about the meaning of the phases, they were at some loss for terms to define them. Seldom has an object been distinguished by such a variety of names, more or less uncouth, suggestive of change of form, as Saturn. At one time he was pronounced "monospherical," at another "trispherical," now "spherico-ansated," then "elliptico-ansated," and anon "spherico-cuspidated."

At last, with a superior telescope, Huyghens took the mysterious personage in hand, and became somewhat intimately acquainted with him. He first discovered a satellite, a kind of eldest son, the brightest member of the family. This was in 1655. In the following year he announced, in a small tract, the true constitution of Saturn, though in a

most unedifying way; for it was conveyed in the following array of letters, which might baffle a decipherer of the Assyrian inscriptions:—

aaaaaa ccccc d eeeee g h iiiiill llll mm nnnnnnnnn  
oooo pp q rr s ttttt uuuuu

Properly arranging the letters, as the author afterwards did, they form the sentence, *Annulo cingitur, tenui plano, nusquam coherente, ad eclipticam inclinato*—"The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." He fully developed his conclusion in a treatise, and showed how beautifully and convincingly it explains the various phases of the planet, especially its simply round appearance, which so sorely troubled Galileo, after having seen it, as he thought, triple. The ring is occasionally invisible, and the planet then appears spherical, like the sun or full moon, owing to three causes: when the edge only is turned to us, it is too thin to be seen by the terrestrial spectator; for the same reason it is invisible when the edge, being turned to the sun, is alone enlightened by the solar rays; and it disappears when the unilluminated side is turned towards the earth. This remark applies to all observers, except the few who are in command of the mightiest telescopes. Huyghens predicted that Saturn would appear ringless in the summer of 1671; and the annulus totally disappeared towards the end of May. "In 1819," says Captain Smyth, "I was much amused in showing the denuded orb to some islanders in the Adriatic, with the same instrument which had, the year before, shown them what they called 'a star with a hoop round it.'"

The next step towards unfolding the architecture of Saturn was taken by Mr. W. Ball, and his brother Dr. Ball, of Minehead, in Devonshire, who, on the 13th of October, 1665, first saw the ring double, divided into two portions by a dark elliptical band. Cassini, a Frenchman, verified the observation. It has since been amply confirmed and illustrated, so that the planet is surrounded by two concentric rings, separated from each other by a space, indicated by the dark band, through which the open heavens are visible.

Another satellite, picked up by Cassini, in 1671 refuted a prediction, and illustrated the folly of forming opinions without a basis for them in the facts of nature. But some of the strongest minds of that age were shackled by ancient notions respecting the harmony of numbers, and similar fancies. Hence, when Huyghens discovered his satellite, he asserted that no more would be found, because the number then known in the system, six, corresponded to that of the primary planets, and twelve was allowed on all hands to be a perfect number. The fallacy of this assertion was proved by the new discovery; and it was further exposed in 1684, when three more Saturnian moons were detected by the same observer. Five dependent orbs, with two hoops, were then known to be in attendance upon the primary, forming a goodly household. But Huyghens, as if to make up for his former unfortunate conclusion, now surmised that the family would be increased; and he had this time a valid reason to assign for the suspicion. Perceiving that the interval between the orbits of the fourth and fifth satellites was disproportionately greater than between any of the

rest, he remarked of this vacuity, "Here, for aught I know, may lurk a sixth gentleman." So it has turned out. But the gentleman found lurking in this place ranks as number eight instead of six. Cassini dubbed his prizes *Sidera Lodoicea*, in honour of his sovereign, Louis XIV; but the astronomical world properly refused to sanction this tribute of flattery to *le Grand Monarque*. All the five satellites were discovered at the times of the disappearance of the rings. This was doubtless owing to the planet being most intently watched at those intervals, in order to mark the phenomenon, as well as to the greater facilities offered for observation by the absence of the encumbering appendage.

The elder Herschel long and severely interrogated the planet, with memorable results. He sat down to the task with his wonted zeal in the year 1775, and pursued it with unflagging industry over more than a quarter of a century. Fluctuating dark bands upon the disc, noticed by some of his predecessors, analogous to those of Jupiter, were assiduously watched; and gave evidence of an atmosphere of considerable extent, subject to great disturbance. These shady belts are probably the opaque surface of the orb, seen through regions of the atmosphere comparatively free from clouds, while the brighter intervening zones are dense accumulations of vapour, which possess a superior power of reflecting the solar light. The fact of the planet's rotation was established, with its period; and some singular irregularities of shape were brought to light. While an oblate spheroid, like the earth, and the rest of the planets, the divergence from sphericity is greater in the case of Saturn—an obvious consequence of his more rapid axial rotation, vast body, and lighter material. The form has another peculiarity; for instead of the greatest diameter being at the equator, it occupies an intermediate position between the equator and the poles, about the parallel of forty-five degrees. The same investigator first remarked the superior brilliancy of the polar regions. This is least obvious after they have been long exposed to the influence of the solar rays; and most distinct when just emerging from the long night of their polar winter. Whether the appearance arises from the presence of snow, at its minimum at the former period and its maximum at the latter; or whether from fluctuating vapours suspended above the surface, the existence of an atmosphere is necessarily implied. In August, 1789, after having just completed his forty-feet reflector, Herschel discovered a fresh satellite; and another in the following month, by means of the same powerful instrument, making the total number then known seven.

The remarkable appendages of the planet did not escape a rigid scrutiny; and Herschel may be said to have been the first to place beyond doubt the duality of the ring. He also ascertained the fact of the rotation of the rings, which had been inferred from the laws of mechanics, as necessary in order to generate a centrifugal force sufficient to balance the attraction of the planet, and prevent precipitation upon its surface. He inferred from his observations that an atmosphere enveloped them; that superficial irregularities mark their construction; and he was the first who dis-

cerned the shadow cast on the planet, when the edge, being turned towards the earth, was invisible. It was also remarked by this distinguished man, that the light of the rings is brighter than that of the planet; and that the brightness of the interior one gradually diminishes inwards, till at the inner edge it is scarcely greater than that of the shaded belts of the orb. Seen under a high magnifying power, Saturn exhibits no leaden hue, but a light of a yellowish tinge, while that of the rings is white. The interior ring is brighter than the exterior. The difference between them in this respect has been illustrated by that which subsists between unwrought and polished silver.

In round numbers, the inner ring is 20,000 miles from the surface of the planet; its own breadth, similarly given, is 17,000; the interval of separation is 1800; and the breadth of the outer ring is 10,500 miles. If we double these numbers, and add the diameter of the planet, 79,000 miles, the result is the exterior diameter of the outer ring, or 177,500 miles. As to the thickness of the ring, this is proved by various circumstances to be very inconsiderable, perhaps not amounting to more than from one to two hundred miles. Such, indeed, is its thinness, that when the minutest of the satellites, which can only be reached by telescopes of extraordinary power, appears on the edge, it projects on the opposite sides, above and below. Herschel once saw his two little moons in this position, as beads moving along a line of light, "like pearls strung on a silver thread."

We must rapidly sum up the remainder of our story. Saturn, it seems, has not his house seated at the centre of his court-yard, but a little to the west of it; and well for him and his appurtenances it is that this arrangement has been made. The eccentricity, after being surmised, was proved by Struve in 1826. Instead of the centre of gravity of the rings being coincident with that of the planet, the former describes a very minute orbit around the latter. Insignificant as this fact may appear, it is essential to the conservation of the system; for had the two centres exactly coincided, it can be shown that any external force, such as the attraction of a satellite, would subvert the equilibrium of the rings, and precipitate them upon the orb. How true it is that the same Lord who by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath established the heavens! It has since been ascertained that the outer ring is in itself multiple; and that there is either a distinct semi-transparent appendage nearer the planet than the old inner ring, or a continuation of the latter, very much inferior to it in brightness. In the sky of Saturn, the rings must appear as vast and inconceivably splendid luminous arches, stretching across the heavens from horizon to horizon, to those regions on which their enlightened sides are turned; but as a counterpoise, regions in opposite circumstances receive their shadows, which involve them in a gloom of a full solar eclipse. It would, however, be a very foolish proceeding, as Sir John Herschel has well remarked, to judge of the fitness or unfitness of such conditions from what we see around us, "when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may

be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance."

Another satellite, the eighth, discovered in the year 1848, coincidentally by Mr. Lassell of Liverpool, and Mr. Bond in the United States, completes the Saturnian family, as at present known, the members of which are separated from the huge central homestead by intervals ranging from half that of our moon from ourselves to more than ten times the distance. Herschel's two moons are the nearest to the planet, skirting the edge of the ring, and moving in its plane. Next are two of Cassini's, discovered in 1684; then comes Lassell's and Bond's; then, another of Cassini's, of the year named; next is the Huyghenian; and the outermost, the largest but not the brightest, is Cassini's, of 1671. We are as far, however, from entertaining the thought that the whole number of these dependent bodies is known, as that the architecture of the primary has been thoroughly disclosed. Yet from what has been scanned, the reader will probably by this time be of John Goad's opinion, that Saturn is not such a "plumbeous blew-nosed" planet as the world once supposed. But however reported of among us, and peered at by us, it may abate our conceit to know that probably the Saturnians, if there are such, have no conception of the existence of such beings as terrestrial spies and critics, taking notes of their residence and making commentaries upon it. Jupiter will be seen by them somewhat less conspicuously than Venus is by us; Mars may be guessed at; but our Earth will be too distant, diminutive, and diverge too little from the sun, to be caught sight of, unless with organs and instruments of vision far superior to our own.

#### THE SKETCHER IN MANCHESTER.

It is not a history of the great capital of the cotton district, be it understood, which we propose to write. We have not space to recapitulate the story of Manchester's remote antiquity, dating from the period of the invasion of the Romans, vestiges of whose presence are yet traceable in the district. We shall pass by the Saxon period—the subsequent fact of the town's fortification by the Mercian Edward—its entry in Domesday book, under the name of Mancestre—its early privileges as a free borough, a cathedral city, and a seat of learning—its gradual development from a place "where certain cloths were made, called Manchester cottons," which won the town a reputation so far back as the reign of Henry VIII—its political idiosyncrasies and disasters—its sad domestic troubles—and its manifold emergence, in spite of all obstacles, from a state of struggling poverty to the imposing position of a city magnificent in extent and proportions, and, estimating its wealth by its relative area, incomparably the wealthiest in the world—a position all the more glorious, that it is due to the industrial energy of its own sons making head against the lack of natural advantages, and, for a long time, of political influence. At these things, notable as they are, we cannot even glance, but must refer the reader for such information to the pages of gazetteers, guide-

books, and county histories, where he will find it all duly chronicled for his instruction. For ourselves, we are bound to Manchester on a flying visit of a few days only, and what we shall set down here will be the result of our own personal observations, and very little else. Into the inner life of its vast population, whether good or bad, we cannot therefore be expected to enter very deeply.

We have heard before we set out, from various visitors to the cotton metropolis, that "it always rains in Manchester;" and therefore, though we have rattled along all day from London to the borders of Lancashire in a brilliant sunshine, we are less surprised than annoyed as evening draws on, and we dash along towards our destination, to note that the rain begins to come down in a determined drizzle. First comes into view a forest of tall film-like chimneys, dimly visible through a cloud of smoke, and based in a dense blue-black foggy reek, that shuts their lower halves from view. Soon the murky depth of the fog reveals below us a rough broken surface, which we perceive to be composed of the slaty roofs of crowds of diminutive dwellings huddled together, which would glisten in their dripping moisture could they catch but a ray of light; but, as it is, they show seething, sodden, and dull in the dank grey gloom. This is Stockport, and we have hardly time to get aware of the fact, ere we have left it fuming in the rear, and are rushing into the arms of its elder brother.

The approach to Manchester by this route on a wet evening is one of the most miserable landscapes upon which the eye can rest. Grass and trees there are, but the grass is trying to wash its face clean in the dirty drops distilled through the region of black drift aloft, and is trying in vain; and the trees, every one of them, suggests the idea of a crippled dwarf, chained by the leg to the soil, and stretching his arms frantically in every direction to get away—away, anywhere but there. Anon the grass disappears, and is succeeded by whole acres of fragmentary bricks and rotten mouldy planks, among which tiny brown gables perk up saucily, belching from a big chimney at one end volumes of stygian vapour. These whirl backwards as we rush on, and then we have blasted patches of barren earth peeled of its verdure, enlivened here and there with a forlorn attempt, on the part of some hopeful but benighted individual, to raise such a thing as a crop of beet-root or a quarter of an acre of wheat or oats—desperate attempts, convulsively urged in the very throats of despair, and, of course, in vain. Then comes a region of moss and bog, and brown stagnant pools, and black stagnant pools, and pools of the colour of manganese and stagnant too, and pools of no colour at all, only exceeding filthy—and all in their naked ugliness, because the verdant weed, which else would cover their nakedness, is poisoned when it attempts to grow. Then comes a waste of coal-grounds and iron trains, soused in liquid mud, and more rotten timber and mouldy bricks, more scorched, defaced, and blasted meadows, more malodorous pools, more everything melancholy and disagreeable—and so on and on, a good many times, till we find ourselves rattling along above the roofs of countless cottages and



workshops, and, slackening speed as loftier walls begin to rise around us, finally pull up at the railway station near the London Road.

But whatever unfavourable impressions a stranger may derive by a misty trajet through Stockport and the intervening distance, will be dissipated rapidly when, on emerging from the station, he finds himself rattling along Piccadilly and Market Street towards the heart of the city. He will see at once and on all sides overpowering evidence of wealth, and the vigorous work and will by which wealth is won; and he will see, too, look which way he may, enough and more than enough of a definite style of costly magnificence to redeem Manchester from a charge, often ignorantly made, of deficiencies in that respect. The truth is, that the Manchester of the present day is no more the Manchester which earned the character of a dingy wilderness of brick, than the Paris of Queen Victoria's visit is the Paris of the Revolution of '89. Within the memory of the living generation, not merely the aspect, but almost the whole fabric, of the principal streets has changed beyond the possibility of recognition. Market Street, the main commercial thoroughfare, was, within the memory of multitudes, a dirty, narrow, winding lane; at the present moment it equals the best parts of Fleet Street and the Strand, in the structure of its dwellings and shops, and in the tumult and profusion of its traffic, while it excels them both in the uniform width of its carriage-way. Improvement has advanced in an equal ratio in other quarters, and is still advancing as rapidly as ever, so that the visitor of thirty, twenty, even ten years ago must revise his impressions, if his report is to be a reliable one.

Having refreshed after the long ride, we are glad to note, during our evening's walk, that the practice of early-closing seems pretty generally recognised among the tradesmen. Few shops remain open after eight o'clock; and though the streets, in spite of the drizzle, are thronged with people, the publican and tobacconist are almost the only claimants for their custom. What is more, and seems anomalous to a Londoner, many of the omnibuses cease to run at eight, and nearly all have disappeared ere the hour of nine. As the rain continues to patter down, we feel disposed to follow their example, and sleep off the brain-whirl of a long day's ride.

Our first few days in Manchester are devoted to a hasty glance at some of the principal public buildings and institutions; and as these generally afford the best indices of municipal wisdom and commercial prosperity, or the want of either, we shall proceed, preliminary to our sketches of social life, to select for brief notice a few of them best worthy of regard.

The EXCHANGE happening to stand nearest our temporary quarters, we shall look at that first. As a building, it is indisputably one of the finest appropriated to a mercantile purpose existing out of London, though, according to our notion, a mistake was made in placing its principal front at the wrong end. This front consists of a lofty Doric portico, the pediment being supported by eight fluted columns, nearly thirty feet high; the sides are divided in ten compartments by pilasters, with the windows adorned with carved stone-work be-

tween them—the end towards Market Street being rounded like the stern of a monster vessel of the new build. Besides the front entrance, there are two at the sides; and besides the grand central chamber, which approaches to 200 feet in length and 100 in width, there are exhibition-rooms above, over the side aisles. At the Market Street end is erected a spacious gallery, furnished with tables and seats, and largely supplied with all the newspapers and periodicals of the day, for the use of the subscribers and such strangers as they may wish to introduce. A startling and suggestive sight is the Exchange at the hour of one or two on Tuesday afternoon—the hour of the week when the wealth and worldly wit of Manchester meet under its roof, or, if they cannot cram in there, beneath the shadow of its walls. Seen from the gallery, the broad floor is then a black sea of hats and whiskered faces, locked together in a solid wall, which it would seem impossible to permeate, yet through which ladies are seen struggling towards the gallery-stairs, in hopes to get high enough for a peep. Not fewer, perhaps, than four thousand men, who among them could buy up the fee-simple of a continental capital, are fast wedged below; and the Babylonian hum of their united voices, with the hustle, shuffle, and fitful movements of the mass, mingle in a roaring kind of murmur, less musical than profound. It is the periodical gathering of the great hive; in an hour or so the bees will have swarmed off again to all points of the compass, and you may take your solitary promenade in the Exchange at your pleasure.

The ROYAL INFIRMARY, owing more to the excellence of its site than its architectural merits, forms one of the chief ornaments of the town. It is, however, a large and handsome building, and, standing near the entrance of Market Street as approached from the London Road, forms the first object of attraction to the visitor. The pile consists of three sides of a quadrangle with a handsome portico in each, and, as it stands perfectly isolated, may be seen from all points to advantage. The principal front has been lately surmounted by a paraboloid tower and dome, which were better out of the way; and we find the statue of the Duke of Wellington veiled ready for inauguration in the area facing Piccadilly, while that of Sir Robert Peel is submitting to a little repair and elevation to support him on the left. Two handsome stone basins, for which fountains seem to be in preparation, are also to supplant the plain sheet of water, and the whole, when completed, will materially enhance the beauty of this part of the town.

The Infirmary was removed to this spot from Shude Hill in 1754. The first erections were of brick; additions have been made to them at intervals, and they have been handsomely faced with stone. The last great addition was the north wing, which was helped forward by the liberality of Madame Lind, and, as our readers will remember, was completed a few years ago. There is a numerous staff of physicians and surgeons attached to the Institution, and a chaplain. Besides the Infirmary, there are in the town several other institutions for the care of the sick.

The TOWN HALL stands in King Street, which,

owing to improvements effected in late years, has become one of the handsomest streets in the city. The style of architecture of the Hall is borrowed from the Temple of Erectheus at Athens, and the dome in the centre is a copy of that in the Athenian Temple of the Winds. The niches on each side of the portico contain figures of Solon and Alfred, and in the attic are a series of medallion portraits. The entrance is up a flight of stone steps: within the building is a grand staircase, decorated with full-length portraits of eminent men. The large room, which is sometimes used for public meetings and lectures, is adorned with allegorical paintings. On the same floor are the offices for the transaction of public business—the basement below forming the head-quarters of the Manchester police.

The ROYAL INSTITUTION, situated in Mosley Street, was built from designs by Mr. Barry, at the cost of £30,000. Though a handsome structure in the Grecian style, it boasts of little ornamentation, and loses nothing by the want of it. It contains a suite of noble rooms, available for scientific or other purposes, and also a lecture theatre, which will accommodate eight hundred persons, and is furnished with a series of casts from the Elgin marbles, the gift of George IV. In the hall stands Chantrey's famous statue of the late Dr. Dalton, a name which Manchester may well delight to honour. This institution was originated at a public meeting held in the Exchange in 1823. It is opened annually for the exhibition of the works of modern artists, on the same plan, and under similar regulations, as the Royal Academy of London. There are also occasional exhibitions of the works of the old masters, to which the merchants of Manchester and the noblemen and gentlemen in various parts of the country contribute by the loan of valuable works. There is yet a third exhibition, consisting of works of art and manufacture sent in from Manchester and all other manufacturing towns: this last-named exhibition is a favourite spectacle with the inhabitants, and has rendered material service by stimulating the arts of invention and design, and enabling the townspeople to measure their intellectual stature against worthy competitors. The exhibition of Modern Painters for the year 1856 was open during our visit.

The ATHENÆUM stands in the rear of the Royal Institution, and though of a different character, and more resembling a London club-house, was built from the designs of the same architect. It was reared in 1837, having for its professed object the advancement and diffusion of useful knowledge. Its members have the advantage of a well-chosen library of 16,000 volumes of literature, science, philosophy, and art—of a reading and news-room, fed with the daily and weekly local and provincial journals, together with copies of all the serials of note or character—of telegraphic despatches constantly received of the state of London and Liverpool markets—and of a summer excursion and a winter *soirée*. The building contains a lecture-theatre accommodating a thousand persons, which is also used as a library hall, as well as for concerts and musical entertainments. Connected with the institution are a gymnastic club, a discussion class, a reading and a

choral society, and also classes for the study of the continental languages under qualified professors. The subscription is but 24s. a year for males, and 15s. for ladies; and it should be a marvel if the Athenæum is not well supported by the middle classes of Manchester society.

The MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, in Peter Street, is a handsome edifice extending backwards to a considerable depth, affording room in its several stages for the display of a valuable collection of geological, mineralogical, and natural history of specimens, together with antiquities and curiosities of various kinds. The geological specimens are very numerous, and are for the most part of British fossils. In the natural history department, the animals are admirably placed in the attitudes of life; and the birds especially, for which this institution is celebrated, are not only preserved and fixed in positions of life-like action, but are classified by a simple plan in such a way that the genus and habitat of any single specimen can be immediately noted by a passing observer. There is a good collection of the insect tribes, with a no less valuable one of the crustacea; and there are the usual assortments of Indian and savage costumes and weapons. The admission to the Museum is not gratuitous: but the charges for entry are so arranged that a party of workmen may spend the Saturday holiday within its walls on payment of a merely nominal sum.

The BLIND ASYLUM stands at the junction of the Stretford New Road and the Chester Road. The building was commenced in 1836, and erected partly by funds left for the purpose by the late Mr. Henshaw; of Oldham, and partly by subscription. The object of the charity is "to maintain and afford such instruction to the indigent blind of both sexes, capable of employment, as will enable them to provide either wholly or in part for their own subsistence, and to afford an asylum for the impotent and indigent blind." The children are taught easy trades, and the produce of their industry is sold in the building. They also learn music, and hold weekly concerts; and it is worth remembering that at their annual concert in 1849, these blind musicians performed the whole of Handel's "Messiah."

Close to the Blind Asylum stands the DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL, which was built at the same time, and embraced in the same plan, one and the same chapel serving as the place of worship for both. Both these institutions are dependent in a great measure upon voluntary subscriptions for their support, and both are open to the inspection of visitors at specified seasons.

The FREE TRADE HALL. The huge building which first bore this name—a name that reverberated through all England during the years of free-trade agitation—stood in Peter Street. It boasted no external graces, being a plain pile of brick; but it possessed the enormous capacity of swallowing up seven thousand people, and thus bringing within the scope of the human voice the most numerous assemblage almost that ever met as an auditory. When the object for which it was raised had been accomplished, it became desirable to adapt it to purposes of amusement and social recreation, and with that view numerous plans were taken into consideration. The result has been

that the old Free Trade Hall has been razed to the foundation, its very materials carted away, and a new and truly magnificent building erected on the spot, no more resembling its predecessor, in anything but size, than a flower resembles a clod. For the bare brick walls we have now a splendid front, in a style of architecture approaching that of the West-end club-houses, with a colonnaded entrance, where a dozen carriages may set down at once: for the hollow shell where seven thousand stood wedged together, we have a wide and lofty chamber decorated in a style of noble simplicity, where half that number may sit at their ease; and we have besides, concert-rooms of smaller dimensions; council, committee, and refreshment rooms, and a whole suite of offices in the basement floor, replete with every imaginable convenience and contrivance for facilitating and despatching the business on hand.

Here we must pause for the present.

### DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY.

#### A HINT FOR OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

THERE was a law in Israel, that if a man had a "stubborn and rebellious son, who would not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother," even after he had been chastised, his parents should bring him to the elders of their city, and the case being stated to them, they should convene the men of the place in the gate thereof, and have the disobedient youth stoned to death. If such a law were enforced in our large cities, executions of this kind would become an every-day affair; and, unhappily, the subjects would almost as frequently be daughters as sons. It is the injunction of God, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Honour them by loving them. Honour them by confiding in them. Honour them by obeying them. Honour them by abstaining from whatever is disagreeable to them. Honour them by doing everything in your power to promote their comfort and happiness. Reason sanctions this, as Revelation commands it. But there are young persons who will not suffer the Bible to dictate how they shall treat their parents. Early inoculated with false notions of "independence," they look upon it as an indication of spirit and dignity to cast off the trammels of filial subjection, and defer to their parents only in so far as the views of their parents may coincide with their own. If their parents happen to be deficient in energy, and hold the reins of government with a slack hand, they will be certain to take advantage of it. With proper reverence and affection for them, it would be sufficient to know their wishes, without waiting for commands. But a parent's wishes have little or no influence with them. Not satisfied with that deferential mode of discussing an open question, which is allowable to a child, they do not hesitate to oppose the opinions and desires of their parents with as much vehemence and even pertness as though they were speaking to a school-mate. Nay, they may go so far as to set their known wishes at defiance and act in opposition to their explicit instructions. Now I would be far from endorsing the wisdom and affection of all who bear the parental relation, or from attempting to

vindicate all the known methods of family government. There are many unwise and some tyrannical parents: a word about these presently. But I am supposing the too common case of children behaving in the manner just indicated, whose parents are really attached to them and are sincerely endeavouring to promote their happiness. And I do say that habitual irreverence and disobedience towards such parents, affixes a stigma upon the reputation of a child, for which no beauty of person, no splendour of endowments, no accumulation of accomplishments, can compensate. You may garnish over a character like this as you will; the core of it is bad, radically bad. Wherever there is habitual disrespect to a kind parent, there are other evil qualities with it. It is as infallible a symptom of disease within, as the spots which betoken the leprosy: What avails it that you are all amiableness and complaisance in company, if you can go home and treat an affectionate father or mother with sullenness or indelicacy? Your real character is that which you bear at home; the other is put on for effect: you change your character as you do your dress, when you go a visiting. It would be something, if you bestowed your sour looks and ungracious answers upon strangers, and kept your smiles and your courtesies for the domestic circle. But your evil tempers are all reserved for those whose claims upon your reverence and affection are too strong to be repaid by a life-time of obedience.

If I could whisper a word in the ears of the young men who are casting about for a companion in the voyage of life, I would say to them: "See to it that before you commit yourself, you learn the character of the other party at her own fireside; and let no outward attractions ensnare you into a union with an undutiful daughter. She who is disrespectful to her parents will, after the heyday of marriage is over, be equally disrespectful to you. And as the tedious years go by, time will rob her of the personal charms which won your fancy, and leave you her *temper*."

You would justly charge me with partiality if I did not add, that this counsel is equally appropriate to the other sex. Nothing but the greatest infatuation could induce a young female to ally herself with a man whom she knew to be an unkind son. That she would get a tyrant for a husband, is almost as certain as her getting a husband at all. The best guarantee you can have for conjugal happiness, is in marrying a man of decided and cheerful piety. Next to this, perhaps the surest pledge you can have lies in strong filial affection. The young man who loves his mother well and cares for her comfort, will not neglect his wife. It is one of the finest eulogies pronounced in the familiar intercourse of society, when it is said of this or that man, "He is so kind to his mother!" And daughters who are wise, instead of allowing themselves to be fascinated by mere external graces or intellectual gifts, will inquire before taking that irrevocable step, whether a suitor is "kind to his mother."

It must not be forgotten, however, that much of this prevalent irreverence for parents arises from excessive indulgence. More firmness in governing the young, would insure greater obedience and affection.

## Varieties.

**ON SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN EXPLANATIONS.**—In order to a satisfactory result, when one person has to explain anything to another, it is chiefly necessary that the person to whom the explanation is offered should really and sincerely try to understand what the other would express. It is very desirable that the explainer should use such words and such manner as shall best express his mind; but though he spake never so cleverly, if the other is listening without that real desire to understand, language will always afford to a disputer opportunity of raising questions, and of misrepresenting assertions—and of so confounding, as the disputer thinks, the other; but really he himself is the confounded one; for the other still knows what his own meaning is, though he may be grieved at his failure to lead his friend to understand it and profit by it; while the disputer has missed what perhaps might have been a real increase of wisdom or knowledge to him, and certainly what would have been an opportunity of manly, friendly, and wise intercourse, and exchange of ideas.—*Hamilton on "Truth and Error."*

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.**—To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered. 1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapour, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. 2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air. 3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate. Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapour—though it be invisible and the sky cloudless—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as its cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—*Scientific Journal.*

**KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.**—Dr. Hall advises every person who goes into the open air from a warm apartment to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says:—"Before you leave the room, bundle up well—gloves, cloak, and comforter—shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking, or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. By not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, and making a cold impossible, if you do not get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year.—*Journal of Health.*

**NATURAL AFFECTION AMONG AFRICANS.**—The African race are not entirely without natural affection. Heathenism and the slave trade have done much to destroy this feeling, but they have not eradicated it from their hearts. It still remains there, and can never be entirely

uprooted. Nothing but the genial influence of Christianity is wanting to develop this and other elements of excellence in the African race, and make them one of the most amiable and affectionate people on the face of the earth. Among the Kru people, this trait of character shines forth amidst all the absurdities and unnatural restraint to which, in their heathenish darkness, they have subjected themselves. It shows itself, in every relation of life, to greater advantage than that of the marriage connection, which in reality is little else than that of master and slave. The parental relation is very strong. Men of large and robust frames, whose countenances indicate anything but the milder graces of humanity, may be seen bearing about in their coarse brawny arms tender infants, and bestowing upon them the most lavish expressions of overflowing affection. Brothers and sisters are bound together by the strongest cords of natural affection. The strongest of all the natural ties are those between the mother and her children. Whatever other estimate we may form of the African, we may not doubt his love for his mother. Her name, whether dead or alive, is always on his lips and in his heart. She is the first being he thinks of when awaking from his slumbers, and the last he remembers when closing his eyes in sleep. To her he confides secrets that he would reveal to no other human being on the face of the earth. He cares for no one else in times of sickness. She alone must prepare his food, administer his medicines, perform his ablutions, and spread his mat for him. He flies to her in the hour of distress; for he well knows if all the rest of the world turn against him, she will be steadfast in her love, whether he is right or wrong. If there is any cause that justifies a man in using violence towards one of his fellow men, it would be to resent an insult offered to his mother. More fights are occasioned among boys by hearing something said in disparagement of their mothers, than by all other causes together. It is a common saying among them, if a man's mother and his wife are both on the point of being drowned, and he can save only one of them, he must save his mother, and for the avowed reason, if the wife is lost he may marry another, but he could never find a second mother.—*Wilson's "Western Africa."*

**AN ARABIAN VEGETABLE MARKET.**—Beyond the fish market was the market for fruit and vegetables, in which an Arab woman was crying her wares with the very tone, voice, and air of one of the cries which I have heard and seen a hundred or thousand times from one of her class in London. The resemblance was so complete, that I was carried back to England by it in a moment. Amongst the vegetables there were abundance of lentils—that esculent which Herodotus says formed the principal food of the labourers who built the pyramids, and of which also the red pottage was made for which Esau sold his birthright. I have more than once tasted this pottage of lentils since my coming here, and though my opinion does not stand high in such matters, I can pronounce it excellent. Then there were tomatoes in large quantities, beding jeans, the fruit of a species of egg plant, but shaped like a cucumber, and of a green and purple colour, which has been recently introduced into Covent-garden market. Here it is such a universal favourite, and can be cooked in such a variety of ways, that it is said to be sufficient cause for an Arab to divorce his wife if she asks him what he will have for dinner when the beding jean is in season; then barbeas, a very useful esculent, which I wish we had in England; vegetable marrows, some large like ours, and others not larger than a finger, very delicate, which they cook whole with the skin on; while onions, large and small, were as plentiful as in the days when Israel, from the wilderness, looked back with regret to the vegetables of Egypt (Num. xi. 5). Of fruits, there were grapes, figs, both green and purple, delicious bananas and plantains, dates, pomegranates, which, both in fruit and blossom, are the subject of frequent allusions in Scripture; lemons, limes, and many varieties of melons. A man who had a horse and carriage to sell, drove it backward and forward in the market-place, proclaiming in a loud voice that it was for sale, and announcing from time to time the price which had been offered.—*A Journey in the East.*